

TUESDAY
and
FRIDAY
AFTERNOON

The Bee

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KY., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1913

No. 10

RELIEF WORK AT ASHBYBURG

Earlington And Madisonville Elks
And Others Contribute Free-
ly To Sufferers

CONDITIONS ARE IMPROVING

Judge Dempsey in making his report says in part: "When the relief wagon reached Ashbyburg, tarpaulins were spread upon the bottom of a wet, muddy, leaky ferry boat and the goods carried across."

On arriving at the other side, the goods were at once carried into a church. These clerks turned the benches back to back and soon had the church converted into a store room with shelving and counters. An hour was then taken to place all ladies' skirts in one department, children's cloaks and shoes in another and so on throughout the list. In a short time the church had all the appearance of a first-class department store.

Apparently every soul in Ashbyburg by this time had assembled at the back door of the church. They were told briefly that clothing to relieve their necessities and an abundance for all would be found in the building and trained clerks, polite and competent ready to attend to their wants. They were told that not more than twenty could be waited on at one time and requested to be patient and orderly, and were assured that those who came best would be as well waited upon as those who came first and that no man would be admitted until all the women and children had been waited upon. Their deportment was exemplary and the clerks did their duty beautifully.

"It is my belief that the wants of every soul in Ashbyburg were relieved and that the supply of clothing, underwear and shoes, delivered will last these people until spring.

"We returned, after night, to the tents across the water, and in the same way relieved every man found there.

"In conclusion, the Elks, of Madisonville, desire to return with profound and heartfelt thanks to the generous and charitable people of Madisonville and Earlinton, who responded so quickly and so nobly to the call for help that was sent out.

"The people of Earlinton are deserving of especial mention."

Stokes-Vannoy

Miss Bertha Vannoy and Mr. Marion Stokes, were united in marriage by Rev. W. N. Martin, at his residence. The wedding was a surprise to the friends of the contracting parties. The bride is the youngest daughter of H. P. Vannoy and a very charming and admirable young lady. The groom is an employee of the St. Bernard Mining Company, having made his home in Earlinton a greater portion of his life, and is a young man of good qualities.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the Dawson Springs Sanatorium and Health Resort, Incorporated, will be dissolved by consent of the stockholders on the day of February 8. Said Corporation is now closing up its business.

Dr. G. Frank Russell, Superintendent of the above named institution will conduct a private Sanatorium known as the Russell Sanatorium in the plant now operated by this concern. This January 20th, 1913.

G. L. RUSSELL, Pres.

J. L. RUSSELL, Secy.

W. H. O'BRYAN FOR SHERIFF

The Man Big Of Brawn And Big Of Heart And Wants To Do Right And Wants To Be Sheriff

Elsewhere the regular announcement of W. H. O'Bryan as a candidate for Sheriff of Hopkins county, subject to the action of the primary election to be held August 2nd, 1913. It affords the Bee much pleasure to present the name of this gentleman for this office. He is a man of sterling quality, big of brawn, and big of heart and wants to do the right thing to every body. He has served on the police force in Madisonville for over five years and two years of that time was Chief. He was not a man that sought notoriety as an officer and his duty faithfully and well. He is a life long democrat and has been always found fighting for the best for the party as a private in the ranks. He has friends all over the country and none can know "Bill" O'Bryan well without being his friend, he is a man that makes a friend of all that he comes in contact with by his quiet sincere manner. He would make the county an excellent officer as sheriff and the democrats would find in him a strong nominee.

Mr. O'Bryan has a strong following in this city and his many friends will not forget him on the day of the election.

Resolutions of Respect

Of Stand Waitee Tribe No. 57, Improved order of Red Men in memory of W. R. Brasheer, of this Tribe Bro. W. R. Brasheer who crossed over the dark river from whose banks Traveler returns. Bro. W. R. Brasheer was called from this hunting ground Jan. 7th 1913, at 8 o'clock in Louisville, Ky. When this Noble Chief was called for, He, Brother Brasheer was ready for the call, because he had lived honest and upright before God and Man, now his work on earth was done, and the Great Spirit called for him. He was a member of the Red Men and the Order of Old Fellows and the Rebecca cedar yell, I. O. O. F., of this city.

His passing was characteristic of this Honored Chief, he was always at the call of duty, always prepared, each and every call of duty found this chieftain at its post. The Great Spirit found this young chief with honor, and ready, called this much beloved BROTHER to the Land of Pomeriah.

THEFORE, be it Resolved, By Stand Waitee Tribe No 57, Improved order of Red Men, desiring to pay our simple tribute to worth and to bow in humble submission to the will of the Great Spirit, that we do testify our appreciation of his value as a man, and our thankfulness for having known him and for having been permitted to associate with him, our friend and brother.

Resolved, That we tender to his father, brothers, sister and friends the sympathy of this tribe in their bereavement and we express the hope that their faith in the great and in the sweet memories of the past they may receive the support and encouragement that will temper and assuage the force of this blow.

Resolved that stand Waitee tribe No. 57 I. O. O. F. draped their charter for a period of forty days in memory of our brother who was tendered all the courtesy of the order.

Resolve that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of brother W. R. Brasheer. Also published in the Earlinton Bee and the Amreloan Red Men.

Adopted by the tribe Cold Moon G. S. \$ 11 422

J. W. Lester
G. W. Robinson
Claude Long

Increase in Assessed Value of Property

The final footing of the assessor's books for Hopkins county shows a total of property assessed for taxation of \$6,855,000, exclusive of railroad property, which will add nearly \$2,000,000. This shows an increase of \$120,000 over last year, and speaks well for the efficiency of the assessor and his crew.

Nebo Notes

FEBRUARY TERM CIRCUIT COURT

First Term of the New Year Begins Monday With Judge Gordon Presiding

FOLLOWING COMPOSE

THE GRAND JURY

The February term of the Hopkins circuit court convened yesterday morning, Circuit Judge J. F. Gordon presiding. The morning session was taken up by Judge Gordon in delivering his instructions to the grand jury, to which he recommended a sweeping investigation of all forms of lawlessness. Court adjourned at noon and convened again this morning for a busy session.

The grand jury is composed of the following gentlemen: J. Q. Simons, foreman; L. E. Cardwell, J. H. Wilkey, J. K. Clayton, O. B. Utley, W. G. Clark, H. B. Lacy, Frank Cardwell, V. H. Behne, R. R. Riggins and George V. Henry.

Sunshine Class Tea At M. E. Church Basement

The little Sunshine class of the M. E. church South, entertained at tea Saturday afternoon from four until eight o'clock. Under the directions of their teacher Mrs. Chas. Webb, quite a dainty course was served to the patrons who were very appreciative of the efforts put forth by these little workers. The tea was served in the basement of the church and each little girl was kept busy helping serve those who attended. A very neat sum was realized from this work which will go to the building fund of the church which will be taken as an Easter offering. The little ladies feel fully repaid for their efforts and are very grateful to those who partook of the many good things to eat.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA GAS OR INDIGESTION

"Pape's Diapepsin" Settles Sour, Upset Stomach in Five Minutes

Time it! Pape's Diapepsin will digest anything you eat and overcome a sour, gassy or out-of-order stomach; surely within five minutes.

If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Get from your pharmacist a fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach, nausea, debilitating headaches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store.

These large fifty cent cases contain enough "Pape's Diapepsin" to keep the entire family free from stomach disorders and indigestion for many months. It belongs in your home.

NOTICE

Mortons Gap Mercantile Store has sold its stock of goods to Roy Jones, who will continue the business in the Mercantile store. All parties indebted to said firm will please come forward at once and make settlement, either cash or note.

BEN T. ROBINSON,
Liquidating Agent.

Mighty few dealers in a poker game will intentionally give you the glad hand.—Kansas City Star.

GETTING READY FOR BIG SHRINE CLASS

Final Details Of Next Ceremonial To Be Made At Meeting Thursday Night

A meeting of the Shriners will be held in the Temple on Thursday evening, February 6, for the dispatch of such business as may come before the meeting, and to make final arrangements for the next ceremonial, which will be held on the 22nd. All Shriners are urged to be present.

H. P. BARRET, Potentate.
Roy S. Wilson, Recorder.

One of the largest classes to traverse the hot sands since the local Shrine has been established will be the one to be taken in on Washington's birthday, when candidates will be here from many sections of Western Kentucky. It is understood that eight will take this degree from Hopkinsville. The meeting promises to be one of the best held in some time, and the program, which is now being prepared, promises to be very interesting.

Banks In Fine Condition

Notwithstanding no tobacco has been sold in Hopkins county, the condition of the banks is pronounced excellent. The state inspector has been in Madisonville the past three days and says all the institutions are A 1. There is always a little closeness in making loans for a while preceding the movement of tobacco, but less so this year than usual, although tobacco is already five or six weeks later than usual in being sold. As soon as the tobacco moves the banks will all have more money than they will know what to do with.

Durham-Craig

Miss Willie Craig and Mr. Sam Durham, left the city Saturday afternoon for Springfield, Tenn., where they were married. This marriage is the culmination of several months courtship and was expected by the intimate friends of the contracting parties. The bride is the eighteen year old daughter of Jim Craig and is a very beautiful and attractive young lady. The groom is a St. Bernard employee and is popular among his numerous friends for his worthiness. These young people will make their home in the city.

TOBACCO SITUATION GROWS MORE CRITICAL

Public Sentiment Inflamed by the Purchase of Non-Pooled Weed

Henderson, Ky., Feb. 2.—The tobacco situation has become more keen during the past few hours, and since the announcement of the Regies that they

would open their factory Monday morning to receive non-pooled tobacco and even more has the public become aroused over the cancellation of half a million dollars of fire insurance which included a riot and night rider clause. All tobacco companies have had all their insurance re-written in New York, and the new policies do not include this clause.

Unless the Stemming District Tobacco pool of twenty-five million pounds is sold at the meeting Tuesday, new developments will likely occur.

Desperate Remedy

It would take nothing less than brass knuckles and a blackjack to knock the content out of some people.—Denver Times.

On the Spot

A girl on a footstool often has an advantage over a girl on a pedestal.—The Tatler.

Ural Hardwick

Announces For
Office of Jailer



In the proper column of this paper will be found the announcement of Ural Hardwick as a candidate for Jailer of Hopkins County, subject to the action of the Democratic Primary. Mr. Hardwick is a staunch Democrat and is well and favorably known in this county. He is District Superintendent of the Provident Insurance Company and his duties bring him in personal contact with the majority of the voters of the county. He was born near Richland and at the age of 11, moved to Charleston with his parents where he resided until about 8 years ago, when he moved to Madisonville.

Mr. Hardwick is twenty-nine years old and is married. He served for two years as an assistant under his uncle L. D. H. Rodgers while he was Jailer and filled this position to the entire satisfaction of his employer and the public. In this position he was always courteous and affable until he came in contact with and made many friends while holding this position. It is safe to say he will have a strong vote from this place as he is personally known and well liked by so many of the voters. Mr. Hardwick asks the support of the people of Hopkins county and if elected will make them a faithful and conscientious officer.

Special Orders No. 14

An election is ordered to be held in the armory at Earlinton, Ky., on Tuesday, February 11, 1913, at 8 o'clock P. M., to fill the vacancy existing in the grade of Captain, Co. G, 3rd Infantry, caused by the resignation of Ott L. Powers.

Colonel Jouett Henry will proceed to Earlinton, Ky., on February 11, 1913, and hold the election herein ordered, making prompt report of the same to the office of the Adjutant General.

All members of Co. G, 3rd Regiment, are expected to be present at this election.

Burden Marks

Miss Hallie Marks and Willie Burden were married at Springfield, Tenn., Saturday as a surprise to their friends and families. This couple has been a resident of Earlinton for sometime and have a host of friends who wish them well as they have launched on the sea of matrimony.

ATTENTION NOBLES STATED MEETING

Thursday Night, Feb. 6th, 1913, at 7:30 p. m. A Good attendance is desired.

ROY S. WILSON, Recorder

Matrimonial Finance

Winne... Isn't Grumbles light-haired wife pretty extravagant? Gimble—You bet! He calls her his blonded indebtedness... lotto.

MAKE USE OF OUR MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT

PANTS SALE

HUNDREDS TO SELECT FROM

Many styles of pants are now in stock. They would command a high price. These styles are large sizes and small sizes. They are all in good condition. They are the price they have to be sold at or lower by our manufacturers.

YOUR CHOICE FOR \$1.50

\$1.45 is the regular price for a suit. At this time we are offering a special price of \$1.50 to \$2.00. Only the newest fabrics and most popular.

For the season the stocks are in an elegant condition to select from.

Off on all our regular stock. Suits and Overcoats. Nothing but the best under this head.

REDUCTION AND DISCOUNT SALES

Laundries, Starts, Wool Stores, Neckwear, Sweatshirts, broken pieces of Men's and Boys' Hosiery, Velvet Hats, and all kinds of Boys' wear.

OUR PARCELS POST PROPOSITION

We will ship by Parcel Post, less postage to any place in the country, to any point. Turn in your orders received in any department of stores.

PLACES TO TRADE HERE

S. W. BERNARD & BROS.
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

The man who whispers down a well
About the things he has to sell
Will never reap a crop of dollars
Like he who climbs a tree and "hollers."

F. D. McGary, of Hopkinsville was in the city Sunday morning on business and to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Salmon of Ilsey were in the city Saturday evening to Madisonville to visit friends.

Several of our merchants are up before this court for selling a soft drink called Malt Ale. There are ten charges against three men on this charge.

J. W. Fain and D. D. Woodruff, of St. Charles were in the city Saturday afternoon.

Ben Sisk, of Madisonville was in the city yesterday afternoon on business.

Stop a cough before it develops something more serious.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup

In The Remedy That Does the Work.

It relieves coughing immediately, eases soreness in the lungs, loosens phlegm and clears the bronchial tubes. It is a fine family remedy, pleasant to take and good for children and adults.

Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

Buy the \$1.00 size. It contains five times as much as the 25c size, and you get with each bottle a Dr. Herrick's Red Pepper Porous Plaster for the chest.

James F. Ballard, Prop. St. Louis, Mo.

Stephens Eye Salve Cures Sore Eyes.

Sold and Recommended by

Rheumatism Neuralgia Sprains

Miss C. Mahoney, of 2708 K. St., W. Washington, D. C., writes: "I suffered with rheumatism for five years and have just got hold of your Liniment, and it has done me so much good. My knees do not pain and the swelling has gone."

Quiets the Nerves

Mrs. A. W. Erdman, of 403 Thompson St., Maryville, Mo., writes: "The nerve in my leg was destroyed five years ago and it would jerk and twerk at night that I could not sleep. A friend told me to try your Liniment and now I could not do without it. I find after its use I can sleep."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

"Is a good Liniment. I keep it on hand all the time. My daughter sprained her wrist and used your Liniment, and it has not hurt her since."

Joseph Fletcher, of Selma, N. C., R.F.D., No. 4.
At All Dealers
Price 25c, \$1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, hogs and ponies sent free.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

The Ladies Aid, of the Methodist church, will have a bazaar at some time in the near future and expect to have on display a number of desirable things at reasonable prices. All concerned in this work will put forth every effort to furnish things worth the time of the customers and will appreciate every attention to this display.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Barnett, have gone to St. Louis for a several days visit.

L. Springfield, of Madisonville was in town Friday.

Fletcher McCord, has accepted a position in the St. Bernard office

filling the place recently vacated by Ralph Dunphy, Dunphy having taken the place of Roy Peyton, who has gone to a position in a bank at Evansville.

J. B. Feltz, of Clay, was a visitor in the city. He will be visiting the country and will be in Evansville Saturday.

W. C. L. and Mrs. W. C. L. were in the city Saturday.

L. L. Adams broke his leg at L. & N. R. R. happened to the accident of getting his auto sprained while on my Friday evening. While coming the car he was jerked against the carhouse unexpectantly. The injury is not of a serious nature.

John W. Bernard, who has been in the hospital for some weeks is still improving and expects to be taken home within the next few days.

The people of Earlington came liberally to the aid of the 1000 sufferers of Ashlandburg and other points and a great supply of the necessities of life were carried away on the Dixie Flyer Friday night to join others of like nature in making the unfortunate at this place as comfortable as possible.

Quite a number of our citizens were in Madisonville Saturday afternoon on business.

Mrs. R. G. Davis and son P. G. Jr. were in Madisonville Saturday afternoon.

John and Robert Longwell, of Evansville, were in the city Saturday afternoon on business.

Henry R. Fox, Esq., purchased the home of Dr. E. A. Davis and Mr. Zimmerman, of Carbondale will reside there.

Mrs. John L. Long, was called to the doctoring department of the St. Bernard Drug Store last week. The windows back on a dress of exquisite attractiveness under the skillful hands of this talented designer and her usual charming taste prevailing has a display pleasing to the eye.

Quite a number of new pavements are being laid in the city which adds wondrously to the appearance of the town as well as a source of much delight to persons traveling that way. It is hoped that even more interest will be taken along this line.

Meddames Haywood Starkey and Melvin Hawkins, who have been in the city visiting friends and relatives for several days have gone to Dawson Springs where they will spend a few days before returning to their home in the South.

Charles Mothershead, an employee

of the L. & N. R. R. and Miss Minnie Brashears, were married by County Judge Bradley in the clerks office Saturday afternoon. They will make their home in the future.

Mrs. Buck Shaver and Miss Frostie Dayle, of Evansville, were in town Saturday.

W. C. L. and Mrs. W. C. L. were in the city Saturday.

Mr. C. W. Johnston (see Miss G. G. Patterson) of Louisville, visited relatives in the city this week.

Several of our citizens were in the County Seat yesterday attending the Circuit Court that is in session in that city this week.

MRS. WM. ARCHER

Tells Mothers What To Do For Delicate Children.

"My fourteen-year-old daughter was very thin and delicate. She had a bad cough so that I became very much alarmed about her health. She was nervous and did not sleep well, had very little appetite and doctors did not help her. Having heard so much about Vinol, I decided to give it a trial. It has helped her wonderfully. She can sleep all night now without coughing once; in fact, her cough is gone. Her appetite is greatly improved and she has gained in weight. Vinol is a wonderful medicine, and I will always keep it in the house. I wish every mother knew what Vinol will do for delicate children." Mrs. Wm. Archer, 223 Broadway, Long Branch, N. J.

This delicious cod liver and iron preparation without oil is a wonderful body-builder and strength-creator for both young and old. We promise to give back your money in every such case where Vinol does not benefit. This shows our faith in Vinol. See by St. Bernard Mining Co. Incorporated

Drug Department
Earlington, Ky.

Indian Tea & Peppermint

Young oaks were cut and bent by Indians in the old days in country to make the trails in long June or in the depths of deepest snows.

An Old Virginia Law.

Virginia has an old law, dating back to the days of Patrik Henry, which prohibits rights-of-way being procured by condemnation proceeding through an orchard for a public road. Why an orchard was particularly designated for favoritism is not quite clear in these advanced days.

After Long Suffering

Women Are Constantly Being Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Worth mountains of gold," says one woman. Another says, "I would not give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for all the other medicines for women in the world." Still another writes, "I should like to have the merits of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound thrown on the sky with a searchlight so that all suffering women could read and be convinced that there is a remedy for their ills."

We could fill a newspaper ten times the size of this with such quotations taken from the letters we have received from grateful women whose health has been restored and suffering banished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound accomplished such a universal success? Why has it lived and thrived and kept on doing its glorious work among the sick women of the world for more than 30 years?

Simply and surely because of its sterling worth. The reason no other medicine has ever approached its success is plainly and simply because there is no other medicine so good for women's ills.

Here are two letters that just came to the writer's desk—only two of thousands, but both tell a comforting story to every suffering woman who will read them—and be guided by them.

FROM MRS. D. H. BROWN.

Iola, Kansas.—"During the Change of Life I was sick for two years. Before I took your medicine I could not bear the weight of my clothes and was bloated very badly. I doctorized with three doctors but they did me no good. They said nature must have its way. My sister advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I purchased a bottle. Before it was gone the bloating left me and I was not so sore. I continued taking it until I had taken 12 bottles. Now I am stronger than I have been for years and can do all my work, even the washing. Your medicine is worth its weight in gold. I cannot praise it enough. If more women would take your medicine there would be more healthy women. You may use this letter for the good of others."—Mrs. D. H. Brown, 309 North Walnut Street, Iola, Kan.

Write to LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. (CONFIDENTIAL) LYNN, MASS., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



Every Good Boll Counts

In many cotton fields there is too much "weed" and the bolls fall. To prevent this balance the plant food.

The old method cotton does not need much Potash is hard to eradicate. But the longer Potash has been used on the crop the greater is the need of more.

POTASH

Try a cotton fertilizer with 6 to 8 per cent.

Potash and use liberal side dressings of Kainit.

Mix your old style fertilizer with an equal quantity of Kainit.

We now sell Kainit and all Potash Salts direct. Write us for prices and for our free book on Cotton Culture.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, Inc.

42 Broadway, New York. Mondnock Block, Chicago. Bank & Trust Bldg., Savannah. Whitney Central Bank Bldg., New Orleans. Empire Bldg., Atlanta. Bank of San Francisco.

TOBACCO BURNED AT COBB, KY.

Depredation Is Thought to be Work of Night Riders—Great Excitement Prevails

Elk, Ky., April 2.—The first instance of anything attacking of night-riding in this region since the stamping out of that practice about five years ago was the burning last night of a practically-filled car of tobacco that was being loaded on the Illinois Central tracks at Cobb, a way station between here and Princeton. The tobacco was being loaded for a dealer at Clarksville, who had bought it. It was hand-packed in hogsheads heads, each containing about 1,000 pounds. There were seven hogsheads. The car was fired and burned, together with the contents. One report reaching here was that it was the work of a band of men, whether masked or not could not be determined.

Another report was that it was not known exactly how the demonstration was accomplished or by whom. In both cases it was stated there was no clew to the identity of the parties. During the previous excitement, Cobb, was a military camp for a while, and soldiers were camped there for several weeks, on accounts of the depredations occurring in that vicinity.

For Hammer Handles. Electricians' tape to cover part of the handles of hammers and hatchets will prevent them from slipping out of the hand when in use.

WHEN YOUR CHILD GETS CONSTIPATED

Cleanse It's Little Stomach Liver and Bowels with "Syrup of Figs."

Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign that your little one's insides, the stomach, liver and 30 feet of bowels are clogged up with putrefying waste matter and need a gentle thorough, cleansing at once.

When your child is listless, drooping, pale, doesn't sleep soundly or eat heartily or is cross irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat or is full of cold, give a teaspoonful of Syrup of Figs, and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste undigested food and sour bile will gently move on and out of its little bowels without nausea, griping or weakness, and you surely will have a well, happy and smiling child again shortly.

With Syrup of Figs you are not drugging your children, being composed entirely of luscious figs, senna and aromatics it can not be harmful, besides they are dearly love its delicious taste.

Mothers should always keep Syrup of Figs handy. It is the only stomach, liver and bowel cleanser and regulator needed. A little given today will save a sick child tomorrow.

Full directions for children of all ages and for grownups plainly printed on the packages.

Ask your druggist for the full name, "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," prepared by the California Fig Syrup Co. This is the delicious tasting, genuine old reliable. Refuse anything else offered.

OPERATIONS UNDER WAY

For The Forty-Second Educational Association to Be Held in Louisville in April

Preparations are well under way for the forty-second annual session of the Kentucky Educational Association, to be held in Louisville April 1, May 1, 2 and 3rd. The officers of the Association are: Supt. R. L. McFarland, Owensboro, Pres. T. W. Vinson, Frankfort, Secretary and Treasurer, G. M. Money, Shelbyville. It is planned to make it the most important educational meeting ever held in the South. The program is filled with speakers outside the State, of national reputation.

More than a score of the foremost educators of Kentucky are also on the program and it will require three sessions each day to carry through the important work before the convention. Louisville is making elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the visitors and the officers of the Association hope that every teacher in the State will attend, as the approaching convention is regarded as an important step for the educational uplift of Kentucky. An exceptionally low railroad rate from every point has been made on account of the convention.

Motion Granted

"Why do you want a new trial?"

"On the grounds of newly discovered evidence, your honor."

"What's the nature of it?"

"My client dug up \$400 that I didn't know he had."—Philadelphia Press.

L. & N. TIME CARD.

Time of arrival of trains passing through and departure of trains originating at Earlington.

Effective Sunday, Jan. 5, 1918.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 98.....7:58 a. m.

No. 92.....6:30 a. m.

No. 52.....11:13 a. m.

No. 94.....8:00 p. m.

No. 54.....11:15 p. m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 99



→ A YEAR ← IN A COAL MINE

By

JOSEPH
HUSBAND

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by the
Atlantic Monthly
Company

The Author.

Down in the scalehouse, where the cars were hauled over the scales set in the track before being dumped into the bins between the rails, Old Man Davis took the weights, and when the londers' number—a small brass tag with his number stamped upon it—was given to

him he marked down opposite it the pounds of coal to the londer's credit, and so each day on the great sheet, smoothed with his dusty hands, stood a record of each man's strength measured in tons of coal.

When Jim and I worked together we took turns hanging our numbers inside the car, and each night we remembered to whose credit the last car had been, and the next morning, if my number had been hung in the last car of the day before, Jim would pull one of his tags out of his pocket and hang it on the hook just inside the edge of the empty car. Then, he on one side and I on the other, we worked, shovel after shovel, until the coal showed above the edge. And then came the "trimming" with the great blocks that had to be lifted and pushed with our chests and arms up on the top of the filled car.

Time went slowly then, for we could load a car together in less than an hour, and sometimes it took us four and a half before the "gathering" motor would come grinding up into the room to give us an "empty." In those long half hours we would sit together on a pile of coal dust beside the track and try to talk to each other.

Jim was a Greek, and from what I was able to gather he came from somewhere in the southern part of the peninsula. I remembered a little Hopper, and I often tried stray words on him, but my pronunciation of the Greek of ancient Athens was not the Greek of Jim Bardas, and, although he recognized attempts at his own tongue and oftentimes the meaning of the words, it was not until we discovered a system of writing that we began to get along. Mixed in with the coal that had been blasted down by the shot fires the night before we occasionally found strips of white paper from the cartridges. We always saved these and laid them beside our dinner pails, and when the car was filled and we had sat down again in the quiet beside the track we would take our pit lamps out of our caps and, rubbing our fingers in the greasy gun of oil and coal dust that formed under the lamp spout, we would write Greek words with our fingers on the white strips of paper.

Jim knew some English—the word for coal, car, londer—and he learned that my name was Joe and called me "my friend" and "buddy." Then sometimes after the fascination of writing words had worn away we would sit still and listen to the gas or for the approach of the motor, and sometimes when the wicks in our lamps had burned low I would take out of my pocket the round ball of lamp wick, and, like old women with a skein of yarn, we would wind back and forth from his fingers to my own sixteen strands of lampwick, and then, tying the end in a rude knot and breaking it off, stick the skein of wick down the spout of the lamp until the end remained in sight. Next, lifting the little lid on the top, we would fill the body with oil, shaking it until the wick was thoroughly soaked so that it would burn.

CHAPTER III.

An Underground City.

HERE was comparatively little gas in the mine. Each morning as we entered our room we made a rough test for gas, for occasionally during the night some door down in the entry was accidentally left open, and the air current, short circuited, might fail to reach up into the room and clean out the ever generating gas. And so as we left the entry we would take our lamps from our caps and, walking one before the other, holding them out before us and slowly lifting them above our heads, watch to see if a sudden spark of flame from the pit lamps would disclose the presence of "fire-damp," the most feared of all mine gases.

There is always some gas up under the roof at the head of a room or an entry, and when the cars were loaded we would sometimes burn it out, holding our lamps high up against the roof until the gas up in the end of a drill hole or in a hollow of a rock burst suddenly into a soft blue and yellow flame that puffed out against the roof and down toward our hands. There was never much of it, but once in a while where the drill bored through into a pocket there was more gas than the men anticipated, and twice I have seen men come staggering down the entry, holding their faces in their hands, when the flame had swerved suddenly down and caught them. We could always hear it—the trickling, like water running over pebbles—and sometimes, too, as we sat and waited we could hear far up in the strata above a sudden crackling as the pressure of 400 feet of solid stone bent beneath its

weight the supporting miners and pillars of coal that held up the roof of the mine. Old miners call these noises the "working" of a mine, and often where the rooms were close together and the walls of coal between them were thin there was a constant splintering sound and louder noises that would bring us suddenly to our feet in a little panic of fear.

It is not the loading nor the long hours with the shovel and pick that grind into the brain, but it is the silence and the waiting, the silence and then the sounds, and then the silence again.

A coal mine is a vast city in an underground world. Beside the hoisting shaft, down which the men are lowered into the mine and from which the coal is lifted in great "skip" or more often in the mine cars themselves, there is the airshaft. These are usually the only two connections between the mine and the outer world. Shaft 1, where we worked, was about 400 feet below the surface and comprised over seventy-five miles of tunnels laid out by the engineers' transit, according to a perfect system for the hauling

of the coal and the ultimate mining of the maximum quantity. From the air shaft to the hoisting shaft ran the main tunnel or entry, and parallel and at right angles with this tunnel ran other entries, dividing the mine into great sections.

Down into the airshaft every hour of the day and night an enormous fan in the fanhouse at the top of the shaft pumped air into the mine, and by means of many doors, stoppings and bridges or "overcasts" this strong current of air passed through every mile of tunneling, never crossing its own path and never stopping until it again reached the main entry, but this time at the foot of the hoisting shaft, through which, fouled by the gases, the dust and impurities of the mine, it poured out a cold blast in summer and in winter a pillar of misty vapor that ascended far into the structure of the tipple tower above the shaft mouth.

To keep this current of air from taking the path of the least resistance and "short circuiting," cutting off whole sections of the mine, there was arranged a system of doors which were opened to allow the trains and the mine cars to pass and closed again when they had gone through. As an additional precaution to take care of this lifeblood circulation, without which work in the mine would be impossible, inspectors, whose duty it was to measure the strength of the current and to inspect the doors and stoppings to see that no part of the mine escaped the cleansing draft, passed constantly from place to place, testing for the presence of gas with their safety lamps and ever measuring the volume and flow of the air current.

And through all this vast system of tunnels ran the great underground electric railway, with its low hanging wire, its switching stations, its sidings and its main belt line. Small electric locomotives in the various outlying sections of the mine gathered the loaded cars from the rooms where they were filled by the loaders and made up the trains on sidings near the main belt line. All day long the large thirteen-ton locomotives gathered these trains and dragged them past the scale house, where Old Man Davis checked up the weight of the loaded cars to each man's credit, to the great pit between the rails at the foot of the hoisting shaft, where half naked, blackened Greeks beat open the hopper bottoms and dropped the coal down into the waiting bins below, and from the bins, with automatic regularity, giant buckets, or "skip," lifted the coal 400 feet upward to the open air and then fifty feet more to the top of the tipple tower, where, like a tumbling torrent, it poured down over the sorting screens into the railroad cars beneath.

There were 400 men on the day shift, and the londers were, for the most part, Bulgarians and Greeks. Few spoke English, and few had been many years in America. Some worked and saved in order to return at a future day to the old country and purchase with their earnings an acre or two that would give them a position in the little village of their birth. Others plotted on, sending monthly remittances to their families and hoping against hope that they, too, might some day return. Others, with less strong ties of home and country, spent their earnings prodigally on gay clothes from the company store and much beer in the evening at the long boarding houses half a mile from the mine.

There was Big John, a huge Bulgarian giant who had figured that a dollar a day was sufficient to give him all that life offered. His great body was able to earn twice that sum during the working day, for we were paid entirely by piecework, and the londer, at the rate of 12½ cents a ton, might earn as high as \$2.25 a day. But he was lazy, and, learning that the only excuse for

inaction was sickness, etc., etc.

o'clock in the afternoon Big John presented himself to Pete Christofitis, the "cease boss," at the mine bottom and, rubbing his stomach with one hand, told him, "Me sick. These place no got steam; no can work," and demanded that he be allowed to leave the mine. There were others who would work at night in addition to the day if they were permitted. An old Russian and his son, who would enter the mine on the earliest shift in the morning, worked all day long, enraged and

clamoring for cars if they did not receive empties immediately, and sometimes the track men on the night shift would find them loading all the empty cars that they could find and leaving late at night to retire alone to the corner of the room at the boarding house in which they lived.

Once or twice on Greek church days the white starched kilts and laced jackets of Macedonia gave color to the dingy streets, and once came a half dozen Egyptians who added their copper faces to our medley of nations. The head men were Americans, Scotchmen and Englishmen. I can remember how "Uncle Jimmy" wept on the Fourth of July when the band played "Dixie" and how quiet steel-eyed Sandy would take his fiddle (Harry Lauder had been in St. Louis that winter) and, marching up and down the little parlor of his house, stroke out with no tender touch, but with a wealth of feeling, "I Love a Lassie."

"Little Dick," interpreter, spoke ten tongues and read Virgil. When he was drunk you might guess that he had been once a gentleman and that there was no reason for his leaving Australia. Dull soothsayer vulgarized him.

In every tunnel ran the long, thin pipe along the rail through which came the compressed air to drive the air drills of the night shift. The air in the room headings was supposed to be good enough for men to work in if it was free from gas, but sometimes when the smoke from the pit lamps and the smells of sweat and garlic and the fine clouds of coal dust that rose against the roof with every shovel made it rank and choking we would take our picks and, working loose the valve in the air pipe, hold our hands and faces in the strong, cool stream that seemed to come, driven by an unknown power, from a world

below.

The temperature in a mine is about the same year in and year out—cool in summer and warm in winter in comparison to the outer air. But when the exertion of labor brought the sweat streaming out from every pore the water in our dinner buckets seemed sometimes almost too warm to drink, and that was Jim who taught us to loosen the valve on the air pipe and, propping my dinner bucket with a chunk of coal against the vent, chill the water with a blast of compressed air.

Day after day we loaded, and one day when the great pile of coal had been shot down by the night men we would shovel into the cars and drag away and we had attacked the loosened blocks at the head of the room with our picks there was a hollow sound, and a minute later my pick struck through, and we found that we had broken into the heading of a room driven from another entry in the opposite direction from ours, and half an hour later we were talking to two Greeks who had climbed through the opening.

CHAPTER IV.

Dangers of the Mine.

To the ear accustomed to the constant sound of a living world, the stillness of a coal mine, where the miles of crosscuts and entries and the unyielding walls swallow up all sounds and echo, is a silence that is complete; but, as one becomes accustomed to the silence through long hours of solitary work, sounds become audible that would escape an ear less trained. The trickling murmur of the gas, the spattering fall of a lump of coal, loosened by some mysterious force from a cranny in the wall, the sudden knocking and breaking of a stratum far up in the rock above, or the scurry of a rat off somewhere in the darkness strike off the ear loud and startlingly. The eye, too, becomes trained to penetrate the darkness, but the darkness is so complete that there is no limit, the limit of the rays cast by the pit lamp.

There is a curious thing that I have noticed, and as I have never heard it mentioned by any of the other men, perhaps it is an idea peculiar to myself, but on days when I entered the mine with the strong yellow sunlight and the blue sky as a last memory of the world above, I entered with me a condition of fair weather that seemed to penetrate down into the blackness of the entries and make my pit lamp burn a little more brightly. On days when we entered the mine with a gray sky above, or with a cold rain beating in our faces, there was a depression of spirits that made the blackness more dense and unyielding, and the lights from the lamps seemed less cheerful.

Sometimes the roof was bad in the rooms, and I soon learned from the older miners to enter my room each morning testing gingerly with my pit lamp for the presence of gas and reaching far up with my pick, tapping on the smooth stone roof to test its strength. If the steel rang clear against the stone the roof was good, but if it sounded dull and drumming it might be dangerous. Sometimes when the roof was weak we would call for the section boss and prop up the loosened stone, but more often the men ran their risk. We worked so many days in safety that it seemed strange that death could come, and when it did come it came so suddenly that there was a surprise, and the next day we

began to forget.

I had heard much of the dangers that the miner is exposed to, but little has been said of the risks to which the men through a recklessness subject themselves. Death comes frequently to the coal miners from a "blown out shot." When a shot is inserted in the drill hole so that dummy cartridges are packed in for tampering, if these are properly made and tampered the force of the explosion will tear down the coal properly, but if the man has been careless in his work the tamper will blow out like shot from a gun barrel and, igniting such gas or coal dust as may be present, kill or badly burn the shot firers. The proper tampering is wet clay, but it is impossible to convince the men of it, and nine out of ten will tamper with their holes with dynamite filled with coal dust itself a dangerous explosive scraped up from the side of the truck. Again, powder kegs are sometimes opened in a manner which seems almost the act of an insane man. Rather than take the trouble to muzzle the cap in the head of the tin powder keg and pour out the powder through its natural opening the miners will drive its pick through the head of the keg and pour the powder from the jagged square hole he has punched, and these are but two of the many voluntary dangers which a little care on the part of the men themselves would obviate.

A mine always seems more or less populated when the day shift is down, for during the hours of the working day in every far corner, at the head of every entry and room, there are men, drilling, loading and ever pushing forward its boundaries. At 6 o'clock the long line of blackened miners which is formed at the foot of the hoisting shaft begins to leave the mine, and by 6 o'clock, with the exception of a few inspectors and the bosses, the mine is deserted.

The night shift began at 8, and it was as though night had suddenly been hastened forward, to step from the soft evening twilight on the hoist and into the brief second leave behind the world and the day and plunge back into the darkness of the mine.

We were walking up the track from the mine bottom toward six west south, Billy Wild, Pmt Davis, two track reporters, and I. As we turned the corner by the roundabout there came suddenly from far off in the thick stillness a faint tremor and a strong current of air. The "shooters" were at work. For a quarter of a mile we walked on, stopping every once in awhile to listen to the far off "boom" of the blasts that came through the long tunnels faint and distant, as though muffled by many folds of heavy cloth. We pushed open the big trappers' door just beyond where first and second right turn off from the main entry and came into the faint yellow glow of a single electric lamp that hung from the low banded roof.

Beside the track in a black niche cut in the wall of coal two men were working. A safe twenty feet from them their lighted pit lamps blazed where they were hung by the hooks from one of the props. Round, black cans of powder tumbled together in the back of the alcove, a pile of empty paper tubes, and great spools of thick, white fuse lay beside them. We sat down on the edge of the track at a safe distance from the open powder and watched them as they blew open the long white tubes and with a battered funnel poured in the coarse grains of powder until the smooth, round cartridge was filled, a yard or two of white fuse hanging from its end. In

"It's a windy one," yelled Wild. "Look out for the rib shots!"

Like a dual curtain in a darkened theater a slow pall of heavy smoke sank down from the roof, and as it touched the floor a second burst of flame tore it suddenly upward, and far down the entry the trappers' door banged noisily in the darkness. Then we crept back slowly, breathing hard in an air thick with dust and the smell of the burnt black powder, to the end of the tunnel, where the whole face had been torn loose—a great pile of broken coal against the end of the entry.

Often bits of paper from the cartridges lighted by the blast will start a fire in the piles of coal dust left by the machine men, and before the shooters leave a room that has been blasted an examination must be made in order to prevent the possibility of fire.

All night long we moved from one entry to another, blasting down in each six feet more of the tunnel, which would be loaded out on the following day, and it was 4 in the morning before the work was finished.

It was usually between 4 and 5 in the morning when we left the mine. As we stepped from the hoist and left behind us the confining darkness, the smoky air and the sense of oppression and silence of the mine below, the soft, fresh morning air in the early dawn, or sometimes the cool rain, seemed never more refreshing. One does not notice the silence of a mine so much upon leaving the noise of the outer world and entering the maze of tunnels on the day's work as when, stepping off the hoist in the early morning hours when the world is almost still, the sudden sense of sound and of living things emphasizes by contrast the silence of the underworld. There is a noise of life, and the very motion of the air seems to carry sounds. A dog barking half a mile away in the sleeping town sounds loud and friendly, and there seems to be a sudden clamor that is almost bewilderling.

We were walking down the north entry one early morning and had just passed through the last brattice door when Joe Bruss, one of the shot firers, stopped, suddenly alert and silent, and held up his hand. Sound means but little in a mine, and eyes can but rarely detect danger.

"Do you smell anything?" he asked.

We sniffed the cool air as it fanned past us through the door that we still held open. Almost imperceptible a curious foreign odor seemed to hang in the moving current.

"Wood smoke," said one of the men.

We turned and walked back and cleared the door behind us. The smell of the smoke defined itself as we walked forward. Through the next door it

came the snuff whine of the air drills. A couple of lamps like yellow tongues of flame shone dimly in the head of the tunnel, and the air grew thick with a flurry of fine coal dust. Then below the dimpling lights appeared the bodies of two men, stripped to the waist, the black coating of dust that covered them moist with glistening streaks of sweat.

"How many holes have you drilled?" yelled Wild, his voice drowned by the scream of the long air drills as the writhing bit tore into the coal.

There was a firm convulsive grind as the last inch of the six foot drill sank home, then the sudden familiar absence of sound save for the hiss of escaping air.

"All done here."

Slowly the two men pulled the long screw blade from the black breast of the coal, the air hose writhing like a wounded snake about their ankles. The driller who had spoken wiped his sweaty face with his hands, his eyes blinking with the dust. He picked up his greasy coat from beside the track and wrapped it around his wet shoulders.

"Look out for the gas!" he shouted. "There is a lit here, up high."

He raised his lamp slowly to the jagged roof. A quick blue flame suddenly expanded from the lamp and puffed down at him as he took away his hand. To the black end of the tunnel six small holes, each an inch and a half in diameter and six feet deep, invisible in the darkness and against the blackness of the coal, marked where the blasts were to be placed. On the level floor, stretching from one wall of the entry to the other, the undercut had been ground out with the chain machines by the machine men during the afternoon, and as soon as the blasts were in and the men had run down the entry behind the locomotive we crouched low to keep our eyes clear, for there were still a couple of feet of clean air along the bottom of the tunnel. From ahead of us came the sound of voices, and then through the smoke we saw the lights of the men like yellow tongues of flame, detached from their bodies, which were hidden in the thick blanket of smoke. The coal in one of the rooms off the main entry which the shooters had blasted earlier in the night was on fire, and the heat and smoke were too intense to allow the men to reach it with the water. Shouting at each other in the blinding smoke and darkness, with the dull, steady heat of the invisible fire bringing the sweat in streams from our bodies, we worked to cut off the room from the rest of the mine by building across its broad mouth where it joined the main entry a solid stopper of wood and plaster. A dozen men in minute relays held a long strip of canvas against the roof while the rest of us pushed and wedged into place between the floor and the low roof a string of props across the room mouth.

As the smoke thickened and the heat grew more intense the relays became shorter, and we suddenly dived from the dense, choking air above to lie flat along the floor, sucking in the cool, clean air that lay above the water beside the tracks. In half an hour we had erected a long line of posts, with the canvas nailed against it, and a temporary stopper was effected. By that time a dozen of the timbermen had arrived, and motors had dragged up from the mine bottom piles of matched boards and sacks of wood fiber plaster. An hour more and the stopper was re-enforced with a solid fence of boards, and then, mixing the plaster in the water beside the track and using our hands as trowels, we calked the seams, the plaster drying quickly against the hot boards. Three hours later the work was done, and the air current moving steadily down the entry had blown away the last shreds of the thick and choking smoke. In the light of our lamps and lanterns we again examined the long white wall that we had erected across the room mouth. A few more handfuls of plaster on cracks through which a thin trickle of smoke still puffed outward and the work was done. Two months later when the fire, cut off from the air of the mine, had smothered itself to extinction, the wall was torn down, the gas blown out, and work was once more resumed.

CHAPTER V.

Miners' Superstitions.

IT is natural that a mine should have its superstitions. The darkness of the underworld, the silence, the long hours of solitary work, are all conditions. Men to the birth of superstition, and when the workmen are drawn from many nationalities it is again but natural that the same should be true of their superstitions.